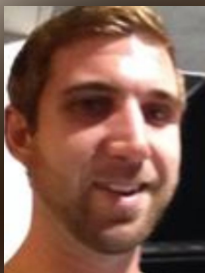




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Andrews journey to find success.



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Chapter 1 by Luke McNair

Andrew was ready for change. He sat at the house rocking back and to in the recliner. To his left an entable with his almost empty 20 oz mountain dew bottle. The lamp above him was on illuminating just big enough an area to read, but it appeared he didn't need it now as his book sat upside down on his lap marking the page he read last but tonight he hasn't even glared at the first word. He had too much on his mind to read even though that is probably what he really needed as it would occupy his busy mind and most likely chill him out. yea right reading is for losers. You don't need a book to fix your mental problems you're a strong person you can figure it out. Andrew liked the voice in his head calling him strong it was the first compliment he had in a while, but he is not to keen on that voice and knows how many times he has got into trouble listening to it so he dismisses it holding on to the word strong he moved on. Don't second guess me. You say ive got you in trouble so many times but look at yourself arent you doing just fine and have all you need. Shouldn't you be thanking me? Thankiing you!? Haha that's ridiculous and so is talking to myself. Im done with this foolishness. Now where was I Andrew thought. The remote control has been in his hand for a while now and he just saw it reminding him that he was planning on finding a decent movie on tv when he sat down. That was almost an hour ago. The tv was still off and the book had not even been flipped over. It just sat on his lap as a grade

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the voice any attention instead he continued what he was doing after a short pause while the voice was talking or rudely interrupted him is more like it.

Andrew reached for his mountain dew. Pulling the bottle of overly caffeinated/ sugared green soda towards him he dropped the remote that lay clenched in his right hand and unscrewed the cap. Tossed the cap onto the endtable so he wouldn't have to do that every time then he threw the bottle back taking a huge gulp. Almost to big. Wohb almost spilled it he said aloud which no one heard. except me I hear everything. Again Andrew unphased by the voice but this time for a completely different reason and a not so good reason at that. His eyes were fixated/ glued to the medicine bottle above the frigerator and he continued to stare at it attempting to make out what it was. If I remember correctly its hydro codone. I sure hope that's what it is. My back hurts neck hurts feet are aching and my mind is running faster than a nigger tryign to get out of the water or away from a dog. He licked his lips already knowing he was going over there he remained seated for just a moment longer. You see Andrew has made a huge effort the last few months to clean up and live for God more. Relying less on the material things of this world and more on Him. He knew that this decision went against all of that entirely but he didn't care. Why then is he still sitting down you might ask? Well that's simple. The longer he remains seated and puts off the decision even if its only more seconds or just a few more minutes that's all it takes for him to feel like he is more in control and that he actually has a handle on this addiction. Truthfully though that couldn't be a bigger lie. Don't look at me. Noone else could be more guilty then you Andrew said to the second voice and Im tired of hearing from you. I have to separate myself from you if I have any chance at recovery. Get rid of me. Ha you don't even know where I am let alone who I am or what my purpose is. I know more about you than you know about you. But as far as Im concerned you havent decide what you think of me. That is clear as you have been indecisive in every response to me not just tonight but here lately especially. Andrew started to reply before relizing that he didn't recall a word of that. He thought for a second trying to recall something but there was nothing there nothing stuck. It all went in one ear and out the other. No ive been inside your head the whole time I never left. Smart ass Andrew replied as he reached down pulling the lever on the side of the recliner sending the foot rest back down towards the floor and with one more ierk of the knob it disappeared into the bottom

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None read. Andrew tallied the score then glared at the television which remained off . He saw his reflection in the screen and was disgusted. I look that bad? No cant be. And it wasn't bad turns out it was the distortment of the screen made him look straggdey or like a homo if you will. Lacking sense of stile and having a n emotionless look on his face. That he could believe but was happy to find it wasn't true. Instead he saw a twinkle in his eye. This as he already knew was most likely his brain heating up knowing what was coming . Its so fascinating the way our brain works Andrew thought. How we can see and ponder over a certain medicine and if we tell ourselves were about to take it. Have you ever done that. Tell yourself your about to take it and then started feeling it before your taste buds did. Pills still lay there on the frig. Right Right Andrew walked fastly towards the frig anticipation rising as he reached up to the top and grasped his hand around the bottle pulling it back to himself. He rotated the bottle glaring at the label to see what it was. I sure hope I was right after all that anticipation and excitement id be mad if it wasn't a hydro_ No! fuck me! He shouted but no words came out. Its ok yea yea its ok. Its still a great fucking pill just not what I wanted. By the time that thought had reached its completion the cap to the xanax bottle was already off and actually on the floor spinning around like a quarter if you put it on its side and flick it. It was on its last leg of spinning and was settelign down now. It was on the floor because He in his over excitement was moving way faster than need be and was slinging stuff everywhere. Just the cap now. He bent over to pick up the cap and poured two bars into his left hand at the same time. As his knees straightened back out and he was back standing he raised his left hand towards his mouth stopping his hand just before reaching his mouth. His right hand took the pill bottle cap and quickly placed it on the bottle before it got thrown down again. The cap didn't go on there just right but (itll be ok) Andrew said to himself. Freeing his right hand he moved it towards his left hand and one by one he placed the bars in his mouth making sure each one safely made it. Walking back to the recliner where his mountain dew was ahh he said that is def xanax I can taste it. Of course it was xanax this was just a way of pumping himself up. It might sound crazy but it actually helps the high and sometimes intensifies it. Its probably because I am optimistically talking about it making it sound better and better therefore my brain is being told that it is giong to be o so good. If you tell yourself something is good more than likely it is going to be good. . The you

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Whatever you are. Im the you you could be the better you. it did the voice in his UP!!!! You annoying stupid low life negative talkbox yack yack yack yack yack. Ive had enough of your shit. If I could get rid of you I could but to be honest I dont know how or if its even possible. Maybe one day Andrew thought....Ill find peace and serenity joy, happiness, and contentment. One day if only one day I could find success I would be truly happy but til that day I will remain as I am. Holding on tightly not letting go not even for a second cause when that train comes I want to be ready to hop aboard.

The xanax was starting to take effect. Peace really can come from a bottle he chuckled. haidd dhidi. Im sorry andrew sneered what was that? Oh thats right I cant hear nothing but the sound of your mumbling fading away more and more by the second. Looks like your out of options and victory is out of reach. Till next time my.. Andrew stopped himself there. On the verge of saying friend the words got stuck and never took flight. They just sizzled for a minute bouncing off his gums, teeth and tongue before returning to where it came from. Till next time you. Thats the best you could do? Andrew questioned himself. I guess so but who cares. Finally this night is going my way and Im going to savor every second of it. In fact I think Ill take a walk and do some meditating.

This although Andrew did not know it yet would turn out to be the best decision he made in a long long time. It wouldn't lead to his success by no stretch but another step up the ladder. Absolutely maybe even two. Point is it was the breakthrough he needed but didnt know he had. Not yet anyway., That would come later. The rest of the night would be a blurr. Andrews next memory would be waking up to a slobbery wet pillow and not wanting to get out of bed.

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